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From

BULLETIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS.

STORAGE

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LEAFLETS FROM THE NOTEBOOK

BY

ARCHAEOLOGICAL TRAVELER

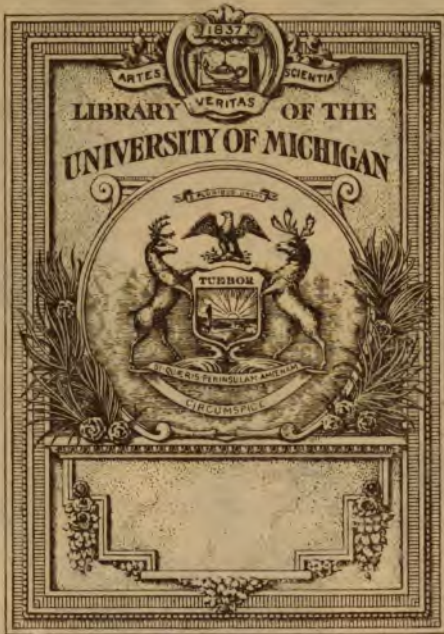
IN

ASIA MINOR

BY

J. R. SITLINGTON STERRETT, PH. D.

AUSTIN:
PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS
STATE PRINTING OFFICE,
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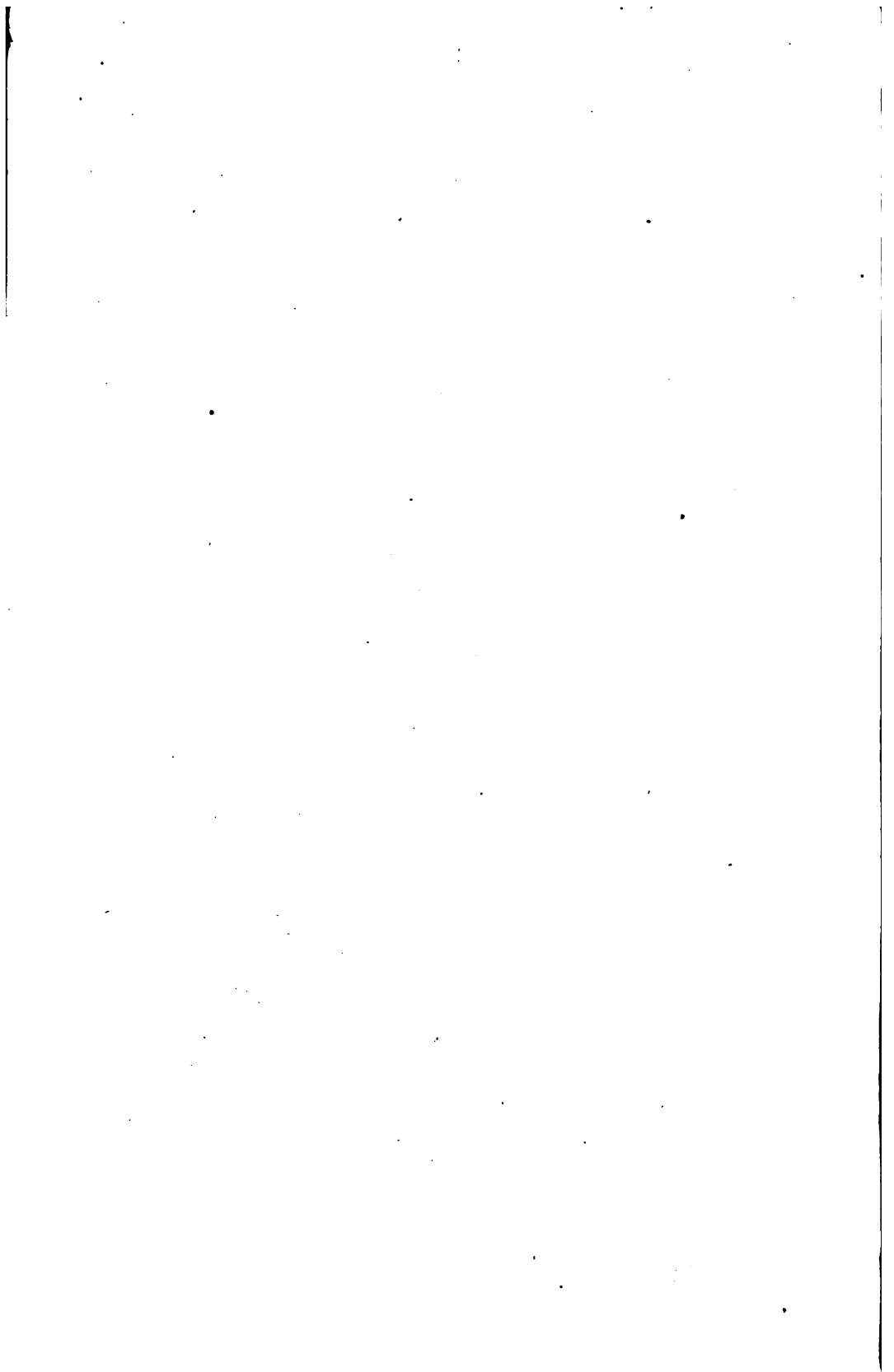
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chief room of the Oda run the broad divans covered with rich Oriental prayer rugs. As the stranger enters the master of the house and all who may chance to be present rise respectfully to their feet. No word is spoken; no salutation is given; the stranger is silently motioned to the seat of honor. When he has been comfortably seated the servants, or if the house-owner belong to the class which cannot or does not keep servants, then some male member of his household, gives him a cigarette and a cup of hot coffee in token of welcome. When he has taken a whiff of the cigarette and a sip of the coffee, then all present salute him, making the Salaam, which typifies the raising of the hem of the stranger's garment to the heart, to the lips, and to the forehead, and which means, "I am yours to command with my heart, with my mouth, with my mind." The stranger must not return this salutation collectively, but must make his Salaam to each individual present. Then all present bid him heartily welcome and inquire affectionately after his health and all that concerns him and his. The master of the house in addition begs the stranger to accept the house and to command him in all respects. But I have said that it is best for the scientific traveler to go with such an outfit that he can be wholly independent of native hospitality. The reasons are the following: Those who entertain him in their houses naturally enough expect him to talk to them. This talk is very entertaining and amusing as long as one is a novice in the country, for the reason that it is always naive and childlike prattle. They discuss the rotundity of the world, for instance, generally defending the negative side of the question; they ask you whether the sun moves; how much tribute you countrymen pay to their Sultan; what your business is; how many brothers and sisters you have, and a thousand other questions of a like nature. They examine with unconcealed pleasure and astonishment your rifle, your revolver; your knife, your pen, your pencils, your helmet, your corduroy suit, your stockings and shoes. This of course grows monotonous if one is compelled to go through such an examination several times a day. But worst of all the acceptance of native hospitality makes it impossible for the traveler to find time for writing out in durable and plain form his road-notes of the day and for copying into a second book the inscriptions he may have found during the day. But if he travel with his own tents, cook, servants and horses, then he simply has his tents pitched in the neighborhood of a village, from which to get supplies for man and beast, and being real master in his own house he can write to his heart's content, and need pay no attention whatever to the inquisitive mob of villagers who ever throng his camp.

ROUTE-SURVEYING AND MAP-MAKING.

My plan of travel was to explore those regions of country which were blanks or virtual blanks on the old maps. I aimed to leave my camp at sunrise, directing my cook to go with the baggage and encamp at a given village some three or four hours distant. They would reach the village agreed upon by noon; the tents would be pitched; the cook would busy himself in preparing the evening meal, while the baggage servants, after the camp and horses had been properly cared for, would scour the village in quest of inscriptions, it being a part of their duty to report to me immediately upon my arrival in camp. After leaving camp in the morning I made it my business to visit every village in the whole region of country between the camp of the morning and that of the evening. Every village was searched for inscriptions and other remains of antiquity; every one was questioned in regard to these things, and every scrap of information in regard to the whereabouts of inscriptions or ruins

was made use of or put to the test at once. Often information thus gained would turn out to be false or at least erroneous, but still I could never afford to neglect any hint, however much I might be disposed to suspect it. Before leaving camp in the morning I took accurate bearings with the prismatic compass of all the surrounding country. As soon as I was in the saddle I noted down first the time of starting, and then the direction in which I was heading. At every point where the road changed its general direction perceptibly, I noted down the time of day and the new direction. When crossing a brook or river, I noted down the time of day, the direction from which the water came and the direction in which it flowed. After traveling for half an hour or an hour at most, I would dismount from my horse, plant my large compass, and while the needle was becoming steady, make a note of the whole surrounding country. Then when the needle of the compass had become stationary, it was but the work of a moment to read off from the compass and note down the bearings of all the villages in sight, and of all the prominent objects, whether mountains or hills. This had to be repeated at least once every hour; oftener if the country was rugged and difficult.

Geographers have established the fact that the average horse at an average gait will pass over three English miles and one-half in one hour. Consequently the traveler must keep an accurate account of every moment of time, and so he is compelled to ride along with watch, compass, notebook, and pencil constantly in hand, ready to jot down anything of importance at the very moment when first he becomes aware of it. This is the way in which the map of unknown districts is filled out. Of course such work is only preliminary, but it is the best that can be done or be hoped for until it be possible to make a regular scientific survey of the whole country, and for Asia Minor that day is in the distant future, unless the Turkish Empire be merged into that of some Christian nation. My day would accordingly be taken up with a route survey of the country, and with copying the inscriptions which I might chance to find. My aim was to reach camp at about four o'clock in the afternoon. Upon my arrival I would find the camp beset with villagers sitting in a circle around the cook, intently watching his operations and those of the other servants. All would rise to their feet out of respect to me. I made it my first business to question them minutely, notebook in hand, not only concerning inscriptions but also concerning the topography of the whole region of country round about their village. When I had pumped all their topographical knowledge out of them and got enough information to enable me to shape my course intelligently on the following day, I thanked them, and then betook myself to my tent in order to write out my road-notes, copy my inscriptions, and eat my dinner. By this time night had come and my day's work was done.

WHERE INSCRIPTIONS ARE FOUND.

When the hordes of Turcoman shepherds left their original home in Turkistan in quest of better homes in the west, they attacked and conquered the effete Byzantine Empire. Being zealous Mohammedans they hated with an intense hatred the Greeks, who were the chief representatives of Christianity in the East. They were not content with simply conquering the Greek or Byzantine empire, but they aimed to destroy all traces of the Greek civilization as well. The demon of destruction held high carnival, and in this way there disappeared buildings that belonged not only to the Christian period, but also many of the remains of the classical pagan civili-

zation, which had been spared by time and the fanaticism of the early Christians. Much ruin was wrought, and many documents in stone of priceless value to the historian perished at the hands of the invaders; but still the undertaking was too vast for even the destructive powers of the Turk, and many precious monuments and inscriptions are still spared to tell their tale even at this late day, each adding its mite to our knowledge of the history of the past. It is the part of the traveling Archæologist to hunt up these remains, whether they be monumental or epigraphical.

After the first fury of the storm of devastation had passed, the Turks, who were then pure nomads and are still semi-nomads, bethought themselves that their idea of empire might be more easily realized were they to abandon their nomadic habits and become residents in fixed abodes for at least a part of the year. For this purpose houses were absolutely necessary. But they had ruthlessly destroyed everything, and they did not possess architectural skill sufficient to erect buildings in any way comparable to those they had destroyed. However, a roof over their heads during the winter was all they aimed at; it mattered not that the houses were ill built and shabby in the extreme. After fixing upon sites for their villages, their first thought was to build mosques, and in building them they utilized the ancient stones, which were always well hewn and easy to handle. The interstices were filled in with small unhewn stones and mud mortar. To this use of old stones is due the fact that many stones bearing inscriptions are found in the walls of mosques. In inserting such stones into the wall of the mosque, they paid no attention whatever to the inscription. Chance alone decided whether it should fall on the outside or be buried in the wall. Even when the inscription did fall on the outside of the wall, it is rarely right side up, but in most cases it either lies sidewise or is upside down. The Turks are very particular about their drinking water, and they compare notes about the water of two given villages or localities in precisely the same way that German connoisseurs discuss their beer. The cool freshness and purity of water is highly prized, not only for drinking purposes and household use, but also for the ablutions so necessary before prayer. Owing to these facts the public fountains, with which every village and every mosque of any importance are abundantly supplied, take rank immediately after the mosques. Some attempt at architectural beauty is always visible in the fountains, and how could this coveted beauty be attained better than by making use of the fine old stones of the hated infidels? There are then two places within the limits of every village which the Archæological traveler must examine,—the mosque and the fountains; and if the village be anywhere in the neighborhood of an ancient town, he is almost sure to discover inscriptions in the walls of one or of both these structures. Outside of the village the Archæologist must also examine carefully the old Turkish cemeteries, which in many cases are situated far from a village. As is well known the Turks have great respect for the graves of their fathers. A grave is inviolate, and must have a stone at its head and foot to signify its sacred character forever. It does not make a particle of difference what may be the character of the stones used, provided only they be large and heavy, for then they will stand erect and mark the spot as a grave for ages after the mound over the grave has been completely leveled. The early Turks then used the ancient stones of the Græco-Roman period not only for building their mosques and fountains, but also for tombstones, and their cemeteries exhibit the queerest and most ridiculous jumble of all sorts of ancient marbles. Altars of the pagan gods, round, cubical, and horned altars, huge columns and epistyle blocks from temples, Roman milestones with Latin inscriptions, double-columned window supports from

Christian churches, are all made to stand as sentinels over the graves of the faithful Moslems. Not only this, but ancient Greek *tombstones* in all their endless variety, from the simple slab to the sculptured stele with temple pediment, are made to do duty a second time—one of the queerest commentaries on the instability of human affairs. The inscriptions as a rule have not been erased from these stones, so that one finds on the graves of the Turks important decrees of cities, municipal laws, letters of kings to cities, legislative regulations and edicts of imperial Rome, the autobiography of wealthy or powerful citizens, the *cursus honorum* of Roman proconsuls and legates, and innumerable epitaphs of men dead long ages before the Turkish conquest. The inscribed tombstones of the Christian dead were also utilized as tombstones by the Turks, but they could not brook the cross. Christian tombstones almost always bore a cross in relief; sometimes this cross was as high as the stone, with the epitaph inscribed on either side of the vertical bar of the cross. It was necessary for Moslem pride to erase this cross before such a stone could stand over the grave of one of the faithful. They had to content themselves with hacking away the relief, but they were of course unable to deface the stone so utterly that no traces of the cross remained, nay, in many cases it is thus brought into greater prominence. But at any rate it has been insulted, and that is soothing to religious pride and hate. According to what we have just seen there are three places where the Archæologist traveler can search for inscriptions without asking leave of any one, that is, in the mosques, the fountains, and the cemeteries. But of course inscriptions are found in other places, and if they be in private houses, then in order to get at them, much diplomacy, both on the part of the Archæologist and his servants, is often needed in order to persuade the ever suspicious householder to give one permission to enter the sacred precincts of his house and harem. The reasons for this are in the main the following:

TURKISH SUPERSTITIONS IN REGARD TO INSCRIPTIONS AND HIDDEN TREASURE.

There is a belief that pervades all classes of Turks, both high and low, that the stones which bear inscriptions have money or other treasure either inside the stones themselves, or else that the inscriptions on the stones tell where money or treasure was hid by the people who fled from their homes when the all-conquering hordes of Turks were invading the country more than four hundred years ago. Their theory in regard to the business of the Archæologist is that he is a lineal descendant of the former inhabitants of the country, that his family has preserved throughout all these ages traditions in regard to vast treasure stowed away by them when they were compelled to abandon their former homes, and lastly, that the Archæologist has come to search the country, find the family inscriptions that tell exactly where the treasure is hidden, and then return to the home of his adoption laden with wealth. Accordingly ignorant peasants are loth to tell of inscriptions in their houses, because such stones are their own individual property, and they can not bring themselves to give away a secret which may one day be converted into millions. Nothing whatever can shake their faith in this superstition. Often and often as I was busy copying or making impressions of inscriptions, a curious, suspicious mob would collect around me. As a rule I had no time to waste upon them; but presently some one would pluck up courage enough to ask me where the money was? When I intended to get it? How much it was, and whether I would not be generous enough to share my wealth with them? I always denied the existence of treasure, and explained that my business was to gather up the scattered facts of history, so

that by weaving together a multitude of facts the historian might be able to give something like an accurate account of the country before it was conquered by their ancestors. This was all 'wasted breath; and possibly my servants pursued the wiser plan, for their aim was to get as much fun as possible out of the simple villagers, and they made it a point to tell them that there *was* buried treasure and that by digging they would find it. The natives have dug on their own account in innumerable places, and many ancient buildings have been brought to ruin by having their foundations undermined by these searchers after hidden treasure. In their search for buried gold they are always guided by what they call a Nishan. The word Nishan is equivalent to our word *sight*, i. e., the *sight* or *sights* of a rifle gun. These Nishan sights are generally round natural holes in rocks, such as are often found in the limestone formation. The theory is that they point directly toward the spot where the coveted treasure lies hid. But unfortunately they only indicate accurately the direction, but not the spot itself, where lies the treasure, and it is assumed that the inscriptions, which, alas, they can not read, give the information necessary for identifying the exact spot. Accordingly they envy and hate the interloping Archæologist, because, in their opinion, he possesses the knowledge necessary to unravel the mystery and lay hold upon the coveted treasure.

There is a Nishan sight of a different character. The ancients often made sun-dials on the walls of buildings, especially on walls that faced the marketplace. Little grooves, to mark the time of day, radiated from the dial-nail. They were chiseled with care on the face of the wall. Now some of these grooves of course pointed down to the ground, and according to the prevailing superstition located *exactly* the spot where treasure lay buried. Knowing as I do the insane mania of the Turks on this subject, I can easily picture to myself the ecstasy of joy felt by a peasant on discovering a Nishan sight of the latter kind. He hurries home, gathers up the implements necessary for unearthing the buried gold. He works secretly, but with might and main, hoping to get it alone and unaided. He has not quite reached it. His family notices his mysterious absences; they detect and then assist him, working with fever heat in order to get the gold before the neighbors find it out. But their secrecy and their toil avail them nothing; the matter has become known to all the villagers; they turn out in a body; a great space is soon excavated at the base of the building; the wall totters; it falls, and one more memento of the mighty men of old lies prone in the dust.

THE SAME SUPERSTITION CAUSED THE DESTRUCTION IN GREECE OF THE CELEBRATED LION OF CHAERONEA.

I have already mentioned the belief that treasure is safely hid in the interior of stones that bear inscriptions. How they suppose it to have got there is known only to the Turkish intellect; at any rate it is universally believed, and I have seen many stones that have been broken to pieces to get the treasure. The treasure is of course not found, but ill success does not dampen their ardor, nor shake their faith in the slightest degree. If you ask them why they were not successful, the unvarying answer is *Allah bilir*, God knows. This superstition is not confined to the Turks, and is shared by the uneducated peasantry of Greece as well. It caused the destruction in Greece of one of the most venerable and interesting monuments that had come down to us from a hoary antiquity. In the year 338 B. C., Philip, king of Macedonia, conquered the allied Athenians and Bœotians in the ever memorable field of Chæronea, thus crushing forever the liberties of Greece.

The Athenians and Bœotians erected a marble lion on the battle-field in memory of the men who had fallen there. Pausanias, the Greek traveler, whose book is still the best guide to Greece, mentions the lion in the following words: "On approaching the city there is the tomb of the Bœotians, who fell in the battle with Philip. It has no inscription, but the figure of a lion is placed upon it, as an emblem of the spirit of these men. The inscription has been omitted, as I suppose because the gods had willed that their fortune should not be equal to their prowess." Now during the long war between the Greeks and the Turks, the result of which was Greek independence and the establishment of the present kingdom of Greece, the tomb of the Bœotians was excavated and the lion found still whole and well preserved. After the war had closed, a Greek general, with the Homeric name Odysseus, happened to be passing by the village with a body of men; he saw the lion, and being possessed of the belief that gold was in the interior, he caused a hole to be drilled in it, and blew it up with gunpowder. Col. Mure says: "The lion may, upon the whole, be pronounced the most interesting *sepulchral* monument in Greece, probably in Europe. It is the only one dating from the better days of Hellas, with the exception perhaps of the tumulus of Marathon, the identity of which is beyond dispute. It is also an ascertained specimen of the sculpture of the most perfect period of Greek art. That it records the last decisive blow beneath which Hellenic independence sunk, never permanently to rise again, were in itself a sufficiently strong claim on our warmest sympathies. But the mode in which it records that fatal event renders the claim doubly powerful. For this monument possesses the affecting peculiarity of being erected not, as usual with those situated like itself on a field of battle, to commemorate the victory, but the misfortune of the warriors whose bodies repose in the soil beneath—the valor, not the success, of their struggle for liberty." But the lion is gone, blown to pieces by a general, near the middle of the much vaunted nineteenth century, it a sacred monument that had come down to us as a possession forever, having braved the malice of man and the ravages of time for nearly 2200 years. I have stood by the tomb of the Bœotians, and as I gazed upon the fragments of the marble lion, "rage, sorrow, humiliation, and shame" filled my breast.

DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED IN COPYING INSCRIPTIONS.

But I must return to Asia Minor. From what has been said you can readily understand that many monuments that would have given us priceless information in regard to the history of a given district have perished forever because of greed of gold inspired by a miserable superstition.

Notwithstanding the sacredness of the cemetery I found that the Turks were ever ready to lend me a helping hand in digging about stones that marked the graves of their ancestors. Sometimes the stone had fallen and lay half buried and would have to be raised or turned over, because I either suspected that it contained an inscription, or else a part of the inscription would be visible, the rest being under ground. The stones used by the ancients for inscriptions and milestones are massive and heavy. It was always necessary for me to call upon the villagers for assistance. In return for a few cents they would come with mattocks and levers and soon the inscription would be exposed to view. Sometimes after I had finished with a stone in a cemetery, they would reverently put it back in its old place, but by no means always. Frequently inscriptions would be buried in the walls of private houses. As soon as I had ascertained for certain that a given

stone in the wall of a house bore an inscription, my chief servant would enter upon negotiations with the house owner, who in lieu of half a dollar or a dollar would be found willing to demolish a part of the wall of his house and make a hole large enough to enable me to get at the inscription. As I have already mentioned, inscriptions are found in all sorts of positions. If they are deeply buried bottom side up in the foundations of a mosque or house, then a deep hole would have to be dug, and I had to lie with my head down in the hole in order to read it. Such a position becomes very painful in a short time, and if the inscription be difficult to decipher and the sun be pouring down upon one with all the concentrated power it has in the East, you can readily understand that it requires much firmness to persevere to the bitter end and until every doubt in regard to the decipherment of the inscription disappear. Once I found a number of inscriptions in a wall about fifty feet above the ground. I was determined to get a copy of them at any cost, and consequently a very long ladder had to be constructed. The lumber for this ladder had to be transported about two miles on the shoulders of men, and be carried up a steep hill at that. I hired seventeen laboring men and two carpenters. When the rough, heavy ladder was done, it was as much as all of us—some twenty-five men in all—could do to put it in place, and to move it along the face of the wall from one stone to another. The ladder was not quite long enough to reach two of the inscriptions, and I had to stand on the last round without any support except such as I could get by pressing my body closely to the wall. My left hand held my note-book; my right hand the lead pencil. If you stand for two hours with your body pressed close to a wall and look straight up, long before the time shall have elapsed you will realize the extreme painfulness of the position. In my case the painfulness was enhanced by the knowledge that I was fifty feet above the ground. In addition a fierce wind was blowing, and several times I felt that my epigraphical career was to be cut short then and there. At any rate I have always felt that those inscriptions were purchased at a price. Another time I discovered a great inscription cut in huge letters on the face of an almost perpendicular rock, the top of the inscription being about forty feet from the ground. The letters were so overgrown with moss that the inscription could not be read from below even with the help of a glass. So there was nothing left but to scramble up as best I might, and clean out the letters. With the assistance of my men I managed to get up to a projecting shelf on the rock about twenty feet from the ground. Once on the projecting shelf I had to remove my shoes and crawl up the rest of the way with fingers and toes. The top of the inscription was reached and all the letters were cleaned out in a vertical line as far as my arms could reach. But I could not move horizontally along the face of the rock, and it became necessary to crawl down and then up again at a different place. Finally the whole inscription was cleaned out, and then all the climbing had to be gone over again twice; first, in order to copy the inscription, and secondly, in order to verify my copy. When this was done I was completely exhausted and trembled in every fibre. Then I discovered to my horror that I could not get down from the projecting shelf on which I stood. Again and again I tried, but my courage failed me each time, and I scrambled back to the projecting shelf. The matter became serious, and at last I made up my mind that the only way out of the difficulty was to climb down as far as I could and then let all holds go and drop. This was done. My men stood below and broke the fall with their arms and bodies. Fortunately the inscription proved to be of the greatest value for fixing the topography of the surrounding country, and that at least was some recompense for all my trouble and danger in securing a copy of it.

THE CELEBRATED EDICT OF ORCISTUS.

More than fifty years ago an inscription was copied by Hamilton at the site of Orcistus, in northeastern Phrygia. The work of copying it was done very badly. When Mommsen came to edit it in the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*, it became evident that the inscription was one of the greatest importance for historical purposes, inasmuch as it was a copy of a decree of one of the Roman emperors conferring municipal rights on the town of Orcistus. So anxious was Mommsen, who was then busied in writing his history of Rome, to secure an accurate copy, that, at his instance, an expedition was sent out under the auspices of the museum of Berlin for the especial purpose of finding the stone and of copying the inscription. This was somewhere about the year 1850; I do not know the exact date at the moment of writing this. Mordtmann, the leader of the expedition, knew from Hamilton's statements that the stone was somewhere about a mill, but he did not succeed in finding it, and the expedition proved a complete failure. In the year 1883 I was traveling in Phrygia with W. M. Ramsay, a Scotch gentleman, now professor in the University of Aberdeen. We determined to find that stone if it were still in existence. "One night in September, several hours after sunset, we reached Alikel, the site of Orcistus. Next morning we found that our tent had been pitched amid a wide-spread Turcoman encampment close beside a cemetery, which was full of ancient marbles. A glance at one long inscription, which bore the name of the city, showed us that we had indeed reached the site of Orcistus. Mordtmann in trying to find the inscription made the great mistake of showing too hurriedly the reason of his visit; whereas it is a universal rule in the East that if you wish to get anything you must show complete indifference about it. We therefore asked no questions about the inscription which we were really in search of. We bought the largest sheep that could be found, invited the elders of the village to supper, and committed to them the task of roasting the sheep whole, while we occupied ourselves in copying the inscriptions in the cemetery. When evening arrived one of our men, who had been carefully instructed in what was to be done, presided at the feast, and gradually drew the conversation in the proper direction. He soon learned all that we wished. Many of the villagers remembered Mordtmann's visit, and told with much glee how he looked in vain for the stone, which was concealed at a mill, called the Bash Deirmen, that is, the uppermost mill on the stream. Next morning we went to the Bash Deirmen, and soon found out where the stone was hidden. It was still where Hamilton describes it, supporting an embankment which conducts a stream of water to the mill. But whereas in Hamilton's time the inscribed stone was at the outer side of the embankment, the mill has since been enlarged, and the whole embankment widened. Thus the stone came to be in the centre of the embankment, completely hidden from view, and could hardly have been found except by the voluntary information of the natives. A bargain was soon struck with the owner of the mill, which at that season was not working. He agreed to break down a few yards of the embankment, and allow us to see the stone. The price of this concession was about \$10. But when the stone was disclosed our disappointment was great. It was covered with a thick incrustation, deposited by the water of the mill-stream. This incrustation was very hard, and we had no means of removing it, while it was so thick that it entirely concealed a great part of the inscription, though in a few places where it was less thick Latin letters could be discerned. We saw that a few passages might be deciphered by

bringing out the stone from its concealment into an advantageous position; but we also reflected that if we brought it out and showed great interest in it, it would certainly be destroyed in search of the gold hidden inside, as soon as we left the place. Within a few minutes, therefore, we formed a resolution to say that the stone was poor, and to return again in some future year when we had learned the art of removing incrustation from marble. We declared that we had seen enough, waited only long enough to be sure that the embankment was restored, and left the village next morning.*

Here ended *my* individual connection with this stone, but my companion, Mr. Ramsay, returned to Orcistus in 1886. He had been instructed at the Museum of Berlin how to remove the incrustation, and had a set of implements to be used in the work. Arrived at Orcistus, he again showed no immediate interest in the great stone, encamped far away, and expressed only a desire to see again the long Greek inscription which we had copied in 1883. This latter stone, as we expected, had been destroyed in search of treasure after we left. After some diplomacy similar to that already described the stone once more lay uncovered. After four days of work the inscription that had cost so much money and time was copied completely and saved for science and history. Of course the stone has long since ceased to exist, for after what had happened, the villagers would not be Turks if they did not have a look at the inside of that stone. But after the inscription has been copied, the stone may perish unregretted—it has told its tale.

THE TALE OF ST. ABERCIUS, AND THE DISCOVERY OF A PART OF HIS EPITAPH.

St. Abercius is a name with which most people are unfamiliar, even though they be good Catholics and otherwise acquainted with the Hagiology of their church. Yet, as I hope to show, Abercius was a man of great importance in his day. "The chief authority for the life of St. Abercius is the biography by Symeon Metaphrastes, written about 900 A. D.," and preserved in the *Acta Sanctorum*, October 22. "It quotes the epitaph on the saint's tomb, and the question whether this epitaph is an original document of the second century A. D., or a later forgery, is one of the utmost importance for the early history of the Christian Church, and of many literary points connected with it." †

Abercius was a man of mind and sanctity, and about the year 163 A. D. became bishop of Hieropolis in Phrygia Parva. The following is an outline of his life as given in the *Acta Sanctorum*: Such was his holiness that he could not only heal the sick, give sight to the blind, and drive out devils, but he had power over Beelzebub, the prince of devils, as well. The first years of the life of Abercius as bishop were spent in work at Hieropolis, but as time went on his fame increased, and, as is stated in the epitaph, he undertook long journeys of mercy throughout the Roman provinces of Asia. On these journeys he was always accompanied by the Devil, as a kind of valet, ready at all times to execute the behests of his master, the saintly bishop. Once upon his return from such a journey to his home and bishopric at Hieropolis, he found that the Emperor Marcus Aurelius had promulgated a decree ordering solemn sacrifices to the gods to be offered throughout the empire of the East. This decree aroused the dormant fanaticism of Abercius, and with the help of his no less fanatical followers, he broke to pieces the statues of

*Taken from Mr. Ramsay's account of the finding of the stone, as published by Mommsen in *Hermes* XXII, 309 sqq.

†This and the following quotations are taken from Mr. Ramsay's article, "The Tale of Saint Abercius," published in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, 1882, p. 339 sqq.

the gods in all the temples of Hieropolis. This was a brutal and high-handed proceeding which the pagan Hieropolitans could not brook, not that they respected their ancient, but now moribund, religion very much, but because they feared the vengeance of the Romans, who were wont to visit with condign punishment any city which merely *neglected* the cult of the Emperors, and all the more was this vengeance to be feared when positive insults had been offered. For under the *gods* we must here understand, not the Olympic gods, but chiefly the Roman Emperors themselves, whose cultus, along with that of such new gods as Isis, Bendis, Mithras, Men, Ma, etc., had now almost completely usurped the place formerly held by the Olympic deities of classical times. This was especially true of Asia Minor, whose inhabitants had for centuries been accustomed to pay divine honors first to the Persian kings and then to Alexander the Great and to his successors. Even the mild and sensible Augustus insisted on being worshipped as a god in Asia Minor. At first we find him and Livia, his wife, worshipped conjointly with the Olympic deities. A little later on, however, we find everywhere temples built and dedicated to the gods who sat on the imperial throne of Rome in their *own* names. I myself have found a number of inscriptions dedicating temples to the Emperors. At the time of Augustus this worship of the new imperial gods was frowned upon at Rome, but it was insisted upon in the provinces as a symbol of Roman dominion. It seems to have been distasteful to some of the cities of Asia Minor in spite of their previous training at the hands of the Persians, and especially of the successors of Alexander, who insisted on the principle of *kingship by divine right* to an extent that would appall even the Asiatic autocrats of to-day. When Cyzicus was taken by the Romans, Pompey the Great granted certain privileges to the city. When Augustus came into power he confirmed the Cyzicans in these privileges. But later on they were guilty of neglecting the cult of Augustus, who punished them by depriving them of these privileges. Thus spurred on to good works, the Cyzicans began in a surly humor to build a temple to Augustus. At this juncture Augustus died, and work on the temple was suspended, as being no longer necessary. This aroused the wrath of the moody Tiberius, who chastised the city with great severity on account of this neglect, called in law *incuria caeremoniarum Augusti*.

The Hieropolitans then had all cause to fear the vengeance of the gods who wore the imperial purple of Rome. Accordingly, those of them who were not Christians determined to visit Abercius and his followers with summary punishment, and a mob collected around the Episcopal palace to lynch the holy iconoclast. It was one of those supreme moments which make or mar a hero. Abercius saw his danger and realized that nothing short of a miracle could save him from immediate death. But he was equal to the occasion. By the simple exertion of his miraculous power he healed three men in the crowd who happened to be possessed with devils. By this miracle he not only saved his life, but the city of Hieropolis was converted, and Abercius had the great satisfaction of baptizing on the spot five hundred of his would-be lynchers.

The unfortunate matter seems to have been amicably adjusted with the powers in Rome. At any rate the troubles at Hieropolis caused the fame of Abercius to reach the ears of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius just at the time when Lucilla, his daughter, had the misfortune to be possessed of a devil. Abercius, the wonder-worker, was straightway summoned from Hieropolis to Rome to expel this devil from the princess. The presence of Abercius in Rome seems to have been satisfactory to all concerned, and especially so to himself. Leaving Rome he extended his travels to Syria and Baby-

lonia, returning after a time to Hieropolis, where he continued to work miracles. Among other miracles, and probably as a sanatory measure, he caused a large hot spring to arise in the plain near Hieropolis. This spring exists at the present day, and is a popular health resort of the people of all the surrounding country. At the time of my visit to it our tent was pitched alongside of a number of others belonging to people who had come from a distance in order to take the baths. The building which now covers this spring is fitted up in approved style of the Turkish bath. The abundant water is so hot that artificial heating is rendered superfluous, a fact in which it is still easy to see the hand of the devil. While at Rome Abercius took a fancy to the beautiful white marble of Carrara, and longed to have a block of it at Hieropolis to be used as his tombstone. Accordingly, he ordered his obedient servant, the devil, to transport a block from the Circus Maximus at Rome to Hieropolis and inscribe on it the epitaph of Abercius in words indited and dictated by the saint himself. The devil carried out to the letter the instructions of his master. The original Greek of this epitaph, thus miraculously inscribed, consists of a number of limping hexameters, and is quoted in full in the life of the saint, as cited above. It gives an account of his holy life, miracles, and journeys. But until recent years the very existence of St. Abercius has been doubted, the whole legend of the *Acta Sanctorum* has been mocked at, and of course the tale of the epitaph and the block of marble has been treated with due obloquy. "Tillemont," the historian, "has argued that the life of the saint as written by Metaphrastes is a mere fiction, and that the epitaph is as worthless as the biography. He is much shocked with the levity of the epitaph, for the only incidents of his Roman journey recorded by the saint are his seeing the Empress in her gold robes and shoes, and the people who wore rings, i. e., the senators and equites. He, therefore, condemns the epitaph as unworthy of a holy and aged bishop, and one about to die." But leaving this point out of the question, "the arguments of Tillemont on *historical* grounds are so weighty that the epitaph could not be quoted as historical, however much one might incline to count it genuine. In particular Tillemont's argument that there was no room for Abercius and his successor in the list of Bishops of Hieropolis was apparently unanswerable. In the biography Abercius is conceived as having lived a considerable time, and travelled much after his Roman visit in 163 A. D. He is succeeded by another Abercius; and yet it is a known fact that the bishop of Hieropolis in 171 A. D., was Apollinaris."

HIERAPOLIS AND HIEROPOLIS.

Mark the name Hierapolis. Heretofore I have been saying Hieropolis; I have just now mentioned the name Hierapolis for the first time in your hearing. In 1882 Mr. Ramsay made it clear both by the evidence of inscriptions and of coins that there were two cities, the one Hieropolis, the other Hierapolis. Hierapolis is the city with which you are all familiar from the New Testament, and which lies in the Mæander valley in Phrygia Magna, and which, along with the neighboring Laodicea and Colossæ, accepted Christianity in the time of St. Paul. Hieropolis does not yet appear on any map with which my audience is familiar. It is situated in the plain of Sandukli, a three days' journey directly northeast of Hierapolis, and is in Phrygia Parva. Thus the arguments of Tillemont fall at once to the ground, for if there be no place for Abercius on the list of Bishops of Hierapolis, there is a warm place for him on the list of Bishops of Hieropolis. But that is not all. The toil of the archæological explorer is sometimes rewarded with

startling results. In the summer of 1883 Mr. Ramsay and I not only located definitely the site of Hieropolis, but we actually found what remains of the marble block which bore the epitaph quoted in the *Acta Sanctorum*. The stone has been broken into two parts, of which we found one. This part contains not only enough of the inscription to identify it at a glance as the epitaph of Abercius, but actually makes it possible to correct some errors of the text as given in the *Acta Sanctorum*. Nay more, the stone was found in the apodyterium of the Turkish bath mentioned above, and we had the keen satisfaction of making a paper squeeze of Abercius's epitaph with the help of the water of the hot springs created by Abercius himself, with the help of the devil. The discovery of that stone produced a sensation in certain quarters, especially in France, where M. l'Abbé Duchesne, with these data as a starting point, has worked over the whole question in all its bearings. The same has been done in part in England by Mr. Ramsay. "The confusion of the two towns Hierapolis and Hieropolis has produced much error in early Christian history. In the Introduction to the Epistles to the Colossians and Philemon (p. 55 ff.), the Bishop of Durham has rightly caught the ring of genuineness in the epitaph of Abercius, but the longstanding geographical mistake made it impossible to explain the historical difficulties." These difficulties are numerous and are interesting, but they have all been solved by the discoveries just mentioned, and I can not dwell farther on them here. "The personality of Abercius formed a centre round which gathered a religious myth, containing the popular conception of the early history of Christianity in Phrygia. The incidents recorded in the epitaph were entwined with other historical and semi-historical facts. To these were added some ancient and originally pagan local legends about certain natural features of the district. Finally about 370 A. D., the local mythology was committed to writing, and the life of St Abercius took nearly the form that it has in the work of Metaphrastes."

DISCOVERY OF THE SITE OF LYSTRA.

In the Acts of the Apostles, Paul and Barnabas being at Iconium, we read: "And when there was an assault made both of the Gentiles and also of the Jews with their rulers, to use them despitefully and to stone them, they were ware of it, and fled into Lystra and Derbe, cities of Lycaonia, and unto the region that lieth round about." Then follows an account of Paul's successful work in Lystra, but "there came thither certain Jews from Antioch and Iconium, who persuaded the people, and having stoned Paul, drew him out of the city, supposing he had been dead. Howbeit, as the disciples stood round about him, he rose up and came into the city; and the next day he departed with Barnabas to Derbe."

For the Christian the city of Lystra will always have a certain interest as being the scene of some of the labors and the stoning of Paul. Singularly enough we know of Lystra mainly from the Acts of the Apostles. *History* knows very little concerning the city, and that little is that it was an important episcopal see throughout the Byzantine times. It should be added that in recent years some further facts have come to light in regard to the city, showing that in Roman times it was a very important place, and indeed we must concede to it certain importance even from St. Paul's account. About fifteen years ago the first coin of Lystra was found; from this coin it at once became clear that the city had been turned into a Roman colony, whose official title was Julia Felix Gemina Lystra, and this knowledge made it still more necessary to discover the site, because important historical inscriptions

are always to be looked for on the site of a Roman colony. Many have been the conjectures made by geographers in regard to the site of Lystra. It has been located at places many miles apart; the most generally approved site up to the present is nearly one hundred miles from the true site. Col. Leake made a happy *guess* as to the site and by chance hit the spot exactly. But his assumption was rejected by all geographers, and the site of Lystra remained a puzzle as before.

On my journey of exploration during the summer of 1885, I discovered the site and put the matter beyond all cavil by means of a Latin inscription, which bears the full official name of the Roman colony of Lystra. This inscription tells us that the city of Lystra erected a statue to the emperor Augustus by order of the Decurions. The inscription is cut on what is usually called a *cippus*, that is, a pedestal square in the ground plan and with moldings at top and bottom. On this pedestal once stood the statue of Augustus,* and the pedestal still stands erect on the site of Lystra, spared by time and vandalism to tell its tale and to locate the important city. As I kneeled before the stone to copy the inscription and saw that I had found Lystra, you may believe that I was filled with gladness and joy. For Paul himself had stood before that very stone and with his own eyes had read those very identical letters, and to me, alone of all the Christian world, was it allotted to stand on the site of Lystra and view the scene where God's holy apostle was stoned. The mission of that stone is now fulfilled, and it matters little how soon the Turks break it up in their search for pelf or for building materials. But surely it would be a *grand* thing for some museum or Christian institution to come into possession of that stone. Such stones are rare, and they are very precious, with a preciousness that can not be measured by filthy gold. A few days after the discovery of the site of Lystra I had the good fortune to buy a coin of the city. This coin bears the name of the Roman colony, Julia Felix Gemina Lystra, and is very valuable for a museum or collection of coins, being the fourth coin of Lystra that is known.

DISCOVERY OF NEW ISAURA AND ITS BEARING ON THE ORLEANS FRAGMENTS
OF SALLUST.

While my headquarters were at Lystra I made an excursion of a day toward the south, and on this excursion I stumbled upon another important city, whose name was fortunately given by a Greek inscription found on the site. This city was New Isaura (Isaura Nova). Old Isaura (Isaura Vetus) had been discovered by Hamilton some fifty years ago, and until my discovery it was thought that Old and New Isaura were really one and the same city under different names, New Isaura being regarded as the name of Isaura after an *assumed* destruction and rebuilding. Now during the winter of 1886 the Austrian Imperial Academy of Sciences sent a young man, Dr. Edward Hauler, to Orleans in France to copy certain manuscripts of some of the Church Fathers. While Dr. Hauler was engaged in this work he discovered that the manuscript on which he was at work was a palimpsest. Applying the proper reagents he found that a manuscript of the History of Sallust had been erased to make way for the words of the Church Father. It soon became evident too that he had before him a part of the History of Sallust not hitherto known. The fragment thus discovered treats of the siege and conquest of Isaura Nova by the Roman Consul Servilius, and you

*The holes cut in the marble for the feet of the statue of Augustus are still to be seen on the top of the pedestal.

will observe that it is New Isaura which Sallust mentions. Dr. Hauler informed Prof. Mommsen and the principal scholars of Germany of his discovery, and in a preliminary publication of the Sallust fragments, he located Isaura Nova at Old Isaura, and very naturally too, for it was not yet known that there were two Isauros. Prof. Mommsen put the Sallust fragments into my hands and called Dr. Hauler's attention to my exploration of Isauria. It then became clear that I could throw important light on the Sallust fragments, because my minute explorations of all the country around both the cities which bore the name Isaura made me perfectly familiar with the lay of the land. Now Frontinus mentions this siege of Servilius as the siege of *Isaura*, without stating which Isaura was meant, or rather leaving us to infer that there was but one Isaura. Frontinus tells us that Servilius could only take the city by turning the course of the river from which the besieged citizens got their water. Just here then is where topographical knowledge comes to the assistance of the historian. Dr. Hauler having assumed that the words of the Sallust fragments and of Frontinus had reference to Old Isaura was naturally compelled to assume that it was the Calycadnus (in which Barbarossa was drowned), which, according to Frontinus, was turned out of its channel in order to bring the city to terms. The Calycadnus is a large river which flows past Old Isaura, but at a distance of three miles from it. This distance was of course one great point against the assumption of Dr. Hauler. But there is still another point. I had explored the Calycadnus River virtually from its mouth to its source, and for at least a hundred miles it lies in a deep canyon, which opposite Old Isaura is 1000 feet deep. Consequently even had the Calycadnus been close enough to give water to the city of Isaura, there was no more possibility of changing its course than there is of moving Pike's Peak. Then the words of Frontinus and of the Sallust fragments do not refer to Old, but to New Isaura, the city whose site I had the good fortune to discover. Now either of the two rivers that unite immediately below New Isaura can be turned out of their channel without any difficulty, a fact that puts the question of the identification beyond all doubt. But to make certainty doubly sure my topographical knowledge adds still another point as cumulative evidence. The Sallust fragments inform us that Servilius occupied a hill overlooking the city, from which hill the Roman troops bombarded the town. This hill was sacred to the Great Mother, better known probably as Cybele. This tallies exactly with the topography of the site. There is a small hill lying immediately beside the ruins of the city, the only hill in fact in the vicinity. Thus then the site of New Isaura and the scene of the siege of Servilius are put beyond question.

LOCATING THE SITES OF ANCIENT CITIES.

From what I have already said above you will have gathered that it is absolutely necessary that the Archæological traveler should know how to make a route survey of the country which is the scene of his explorations. For thus he is able in places to *create* the modern map, in places to correct and add to the labors of travelers who may have preceded him. But leaving out of question the map of to-day, important though it be, it is the map of antiquity which is one of the chief problems to the solution of which the earnest attention of the Archæological traveler must be directed. Consequently the location of ancient cities is a matter of prime importance. A city is best and most incontrovertibly located by the evidence of inscriptions which bear its name in some way or other and which are found at or near the site. Of course one generally finds the site first, but it has happened to

me to find the name of a city before finding the site, and in such a case one must scour the country far and wide in order to find the site to which the name belonged. In one instance I found the name a full month before the site turned up, and then it was located by the modern Turkish corruption of the ancient Greek name (*Gorgorome*, corrupted by the Turks to *Gulghurum*).

THE LOCATING OF TAVIUM AND ITS BEARING ON THE GEOGRAPHY OF NORTH-EASTERN ASIA MINOR.

Tavium, a city of northwestern Cappadocia, was a city of importance at the very beginning of history, and continued to be the emporium of the whole surrounding country down possibly to early Byzantine times. The celebrated rock sculptures of the neighboring Boghazkieui and Euyuk prove that Tavium was inhabited by that enigmatical people who have left enduring memorials of their high civilization in the rock sculptures found throughout Asia Minor and northern Syria, and the seat of whose empire seems to have been Carchemish on the Euphrates. This people has of late been called the Kheta, or Hittites. Some scholars are dissatisfied with the name Hittite, and for the remains in Asia Minor, at least, prefer the name of Cappadocian or Anatolian art. After the Hittite period Tavium continued to flourish under the Persians, and was an important station on what Herodotus calls the Royal Road, leading from Ephesus to Susa. Over this road traveled the earliest recorded postal service, carrying dispatches from the western seaboard of Asia Minor to the royal court at distant Susa. Under the Roman Empire Tavium still occupied an important place among the cities of the interior of Asia Minor. It was the centre of the Roman road system for the whole of northwestern Cappadocia, Pontus, and Galatia, being the point of divergence of seven Roman roads, and from Tavium distances were measured along each of these seven roads. Consequently it is a matter of the highest importance for ancient geography to have the site of Tavium located with absolute certainty. An elaborate postal service was kept up throughout the Roman Empire, and several lists of Roman postal stations have come down to us, and they are very precious for ancient geography. The most important of these lists is the Antonine Itinerary, so called because it contains the official list of the postal stations under Antoninus Pius. These lists give not only the names of the postal stations, but also the distance from station to station in Roman miles, beginning from a certain city which was the point from which distances were measured for the whole surrounding country for at least 200 miles. Those of you who have been in Rome will remember the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus. Just by the side of this arch once stood the Milliarium Aureum, or golden milestone, remains of which may be seen at the present day. This Milliarium Aureum was erected in the year 28 B. C., by the emperor Augustus, and it was the point from which distances were measured on all the roads radiating from Rome. Similar Milliarium were erected in Asia Minor in the cities which were the starting points from which distances were measured along the roads of a given province. Many of these starting points are given in the Itineraries mentioned above, or in the Peutinger Table—an ancient map, that has come down to us by a happy chance—but many of the starting points are not given, and it is one of the chief aims of the Archæologist to hunt up the Roman milestones that may have been spared by time and barbarism, in order to gather from them irrefragible hints in regard to the topography of the region of country which happens to be the subject of his explorations. You will see from the above remarks how important it is to get the starting point fixed beyond the shadow

of a doubt. For if that be once fixed, then the location of the cities or postal stations between, say, Tavium and Ancyra, is comparatively easy and requires only patient investigation of the region of country on the line of march between Tavium and Ancyra. Thus at a distance of, let us say, twenty Roman miles, as one travels west from Tavium, the traveler knows from the Itinerary, or Peutinger Table, that he must try to find the ruins of a town or of a postal station, and consequently he scours the country until he find the object of his search. In many cases the station would be so insignificant that no remains of it will have been spared to the present day, for often the stations mentioned in the Itineraries were nothing more than temporary quarters for the change of horses, and consisted simply in buildings for the care of the relays of horses and the entertainment of the officials in charge of them. But it matters little if the traveler find no traces of these insignificant intermediate stations, provided the mileage of the Itinerary between two given fixed points, such as Tavium and Ancyra, be ascertained to be beyond all doubt. In that case it is only necessary for the traveler to measure off the distances of the Itinerary, and he has the whole line fixed with a very near approach to certainty. If he do find one or more of the intervening stations, of course that makes the matter still more certain.

Now geographers, from the time when they first began to make maps of ancient Asia Minor, have sorely needed a certain and trustworthy identification of the site of Tavium, and it has been located by different travelers at places a whole degree and a half distant from the actual site. True, some have located it at the proper place, but none of the identifications could be proven positively, and consequently the site of Tavium continued to be a mooted question until the year 1884. During the summer of that year it was my good fortune to find the *first* milestone on the Roman road between Tavium and Ancyra. I had found the site before I found the stone. This milestone locates Tavium definitely and finally, and enables the geographer to fill in with comparative ease the map of the country reaching west to Ancyra and east to Cæsarea, Sebastia, Amisus, Amasia, etc. Afterwards I found the 100th milestone on the same road.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF THE SITES OF ANCIENT TOWNS BY TURKISH CORRUPTIONS OF THE ANCIENT NAME.

I have already stated above that the evidence of inscriptions which bear the name of the place is the best and most incontrovertible means of locating a city, but often, in default of this direct epigraphical evidence, a clear case of the corruption of the ancient name by the Turks is a most safe way of identification. Thus after finding and locating Tavium by means of the inscription just mentioned, I traveled northward following the line of the ancient Roman road as laid down in the Peutinger Table, and at Tamba Hassan I found several badly defaced Roman milestones, a fact which proved that I was actually on the line of the Roman road. Now the Peutinger Table gives *Tomba* as the first station on this road at a distance of thirteen Roman miles from Tavium, and it takes very little acumen to discover the *Tomba* of the Peutinger Table in the Turkish *Tamba Hassan*. This then is the way in which the map is filled in with ease and certainty after the true starting point of the Roman road system has been discovered.

ROMAN MILESTONES.

The Roman milestone was a block of roughly hewn limestone about four feet in diameter at the base and about nine feet high. It tapered off grad-

ually toward the top in a cone-like fashion, being about one foot and a half in diameter at the bluntly rounded top. The majority of these milestones were inscribed, in Latin of course, and these inscriptions give not only the name of the Emperor under whose reign the road was constructed or repaired, but, what is a matter of great importance for the history of the time, they give the name of the Roman governor during whose term of office the road was constructed or repaired. I found in all about one hundred inscribed milestones. Many of these were inscribed two and three times. When the road was originally built they erected along the entire line of the road milestones bearing inscriptions dated by the name of the then reigning emperor and giving the name of the governor of the province who constructed the road. Now with the lapse of time the road and especially the bridges had fallen into decay. A new Emperor was wearing the purple at Rome, a new governor, who cared not for the works of long past predecessors, was now lordling it in the province. This new governor would *repair* the roads and bridges, but instead of going to the expense of having new milestones made, he simply had his inscription cut on the old stones and *directly over* the old inscription without having first erased it. Now while the marks of the chisel were fresh and unweathered the new inscription might be read with comparative ease, but as soon as time and weather had worn off the freshness of the new inscription, then it became a matter of science to decipher the twain. It sometimes happened that a third inscription was cut over the already existing two. I have found several such milestones, and you can easily imagine my despair when brought face to face with such a stone. But persevering study and painstaking combination of details enabled me to work them all out satisfactorily. The most of these milestones were found in Cataonia, the region east of the Antitaurus range of mountains. At the time I was traveling eastward toward the Euphrates from Comana, the seat of the worship of the great goddess *Ma*, in whose temple at Comana no less than 6000 slaves were kept busy, and whose chief priest was virtual king of Cappadocia. Judging then from the importance of Comana one might naturally expect to find that it was the starting point of the system of Roman roads for the Trans-Antitauran region. But about two hours east of Comana I found the 144th milestone. This then was proof positive that Comana was not the starting place of the road system, for had it it been such, then the milestone would have been the seventh or at most the tenth instead of the 144th. As I continued to journey eastward and to discover new milestones, it was found that the numbers steadily decreased until finally it became certain that Melitene, or, rather not far from, the Euphrates, was the starting point of which I was in quest. These milestones, besides their great historical value, enable me to make some corrections in the text of the Antonine Itinerary, where it can be proven that the distances given in the Itinerary do not tally with the actual distances between two known points, such as Comana and Cocussus. For instance a slovenly scribe might easily write XXV (25 miles), where it can be proven that the text must be amended to read XV (15 miles).

ROMAN ROADS IN THE PALMYRENE DESERT.

After my explorations in Cataonia where I came into daily contact with the Roman milestone, I became a member of the Wolfe expedition to Babylonia. On the home journey from Babylon and Baghdad we crossed the Syrian desert. About one day's journey east of Palmyra in the desert my eyes suddenly fell upon a large stone lying by the roadside. It was a Roman

milestone, but uninscribed. However it served to put me on the alert. Further on another was found, and still another until finally I had the satisfaction of finding an *inscribed* stone, the *eighth* on the Roman road from Palmyra to Aracha. It is well known that people, manners, customs, and names change very slowly in the conservative East, nay, the life of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob may be seen throughout the Mesopotamia and Chaldea of today, and many of the cities whose names were familiar to the patriarchs of the Bible still bear their Biblical names. Of this intense stability *both* the names on this eighth milestone are interesting examples. Palmyra, as probably some of you know, is but the *Latin* translation of the Shemetic *Tedmur*, or the place of the palms, and its name is still *Tedmur*, and nothing but *Tedmur*, throughout the Orient of the present day. Aracha, the other name mentioned in the inscription of this milestone, is the Latinized form of the Shemetic name *Erek*, and this *Erek* is still existant, and still bears the name *Erek*. It is the first station east of Palmyra. Leaving this eighth milestone, we journeyed on towards Palmyra, finding nearly all of the remaining seven, some of them being still in position. West of Palmyra we found the Roman road leading from Palmyra to Hama, and followed it for about five miles, finding *inscribed* milestones, *all still erect and in position*. If we did not know the exact length of the Roman mile it might be measured from the stones of this road. I say *road*, but it is no longer such. We were traveling without any road over the desert with native guides who knew where the water puddles were to be found in the spring of the year. We simply stumbled upon the first milestone, and shortly afterwards another one was descried in the distance, thus we got the direction of the road and followed it for a few miles, as long indeed as prudence would allow, and we turned away from the road and the milestones in silence and in sorrow. Some future traveler who has the courage to venture over the trackless waste between Palmyra and Hama will reap a rich epigraphical harvest. These milestones of the desert are of prime historical importance, because, before their discovery, scholars never dreamed that the Roman system of roads extended through the desert to the Euphrates and possibly down the river to Babylon and Seleucia. Previous travelers to Palmyra had failed to discover these stones, probably because they did not know what the Roman milestone looked like.

There is something awe-inspiring about these hoary guardians of the Roman road, simple and rough though they be. Like the Roman sentinel of old, they are still true to their trust, eloquent and stately reminders of the mighty deeds of mighty Rome. Fourteen, fifteen hundred years have passed over them; they have witnessed the prolonged death struggle of the imperial city of the seven hills; they have seen empires, nations arise and grow wanton in the pride of strength only to return to the nothingness from which they sprang, but still *they* stand proudly erect, simple, austere, sublime, in the silence and the solitude of the desert, bidding defiance to time and *to man*.

